

# Blues Traveler, Battle Of Someone

Well I love no one and I don't care who knows  
Don't care if you're far away  
Don't give a damn if you're close  
I'm the vacant distraction of a broken old man  
I lack shape or color  
Not even gray or even tan  
I'd hate all I see but it makes me too tired  
I'm much more at home when left uninspired  
So damn me to hell and resist if you must  
But lower your eyes once and I'll emerge from the dust

For I am nothing  
Yes I am nothing  
Yes I am nothing  
And I love no one

Well I love everyone I am filled with delight  
I understand all your feelings I don't see from wrong or right  
I'm the look in your eyes when you're telling the truth  
I'm the wisdom of age and the beauty of youth  
I am shape substance color darkest black palest white  
Speckled gold ringing mirror sharp soft and bright  
I'm rage passion laughter and the need to know why  
Come sample all my riches I'm pure stimuli

For I am everything  
Yes I am everything  
Yes I am everything  
And I love everyone

Well I can only love someone I am just a person  
My father loved my mother and I am her son  
The preceding verses are the halves of my soul  
I'm just the battlefield and that is my role  
There's a tug of war between what I can and can't feel  
The inevitable compromise determines the real  
The equation the reason for my being here  
The struggle resulting in my invention of the tear

For I'm only something  
Yes I'm only something  
Yes I'm only something  
And I can only love someone

And it's the best I can do  
It's the very best I can do  
You're probably someone too  
So perhaps I love you  
Perhaps you'll love me too  
Perhaps you'll love me too  
Perhaps you'll love me too  
(scat solo)